

THE FAIRE MAIDE of Bristovv.

As it was plaide at Hampton, before the
King and Queenes most excellent
Maiesties.



Printed at Loudon for Thomas Pauyer, and are
to be solde at his thop, at the entrance
into the Exchang. 1605.

The Faire maid of Bristovv.

Enter Challenger, and Vallenger.

Chal: **C**ome Vallen. lets to Sir God-fries house,
I know there will be reueling to night
This is his birth day: and he welcoms all,
Fair Anabell his daughter is my loue,

There shalt thou see the Idoll of my thought,
Faire Bristows miroꝝ and my harts delight.

Val. Friend Challenger, I wonder at thy humoꝝ,
To dote so much ouer this female kind,
That charms thy senses makes thy eye sight blind.

Chal. Thou art an enemy to women still,
I prethee what doth best agree with thee.

Val. To see my hounds, to chase the fallow deere,
to see my fashon strike the partridge dead.
to heare my horse Carreer, to drinke full healths,
and not line puling for an nounce of Beauty,

Chal. I loue to see my hounds as well as thou,
My horse, my fashon, and healthes when time serues,
But aboue all my mistris I prefer,
She is the Jewell that doth heate my blood,
And therefore Vallenger, for my sake goe
and see, the gallants will be here to night,

Val. Faith you bind me to a mighty task
Ile see your Lady, and your Ladies maske,
then prethee peace here will we keepe our stand.

Chal. For by the Drum the Maskers are at hand.

Enter Sir Godfrey, Vmphrevil, his wife, his daughter,
and the Maskers to daunce.

The faire Maid

God. Now gentlemen, your welcome to my house,
Good maister Challenger and your honest friend,
So are you all young gallants every one,
But we forget our selves, boddy of me,
Where be these Lads, what shall we have
So dancing after dinner? No, by with the tables,
If they have dined with in, and come
young Lads now to your dance againe.

Here they dance and Vallenger speaks.

Val. False tong that spoke such blasphemy before,
That I dispraised, now doth my soule adore.

Chal. How dost thou like my loue now Vallenger.

Val. O she's deuine and I become her thrall.

Chal. Doth Bristow yield her fellow, prather speake,

Val. A thousand, I must hence or else my hart will break.
Exit.

Chal. What meanes my friend in such a humo? goe,
He knowe the cause before I leaue him so,

Exit Challenger, and Vallenger. Here the dannee ends.

God. Gen'lemen I thank you all,
Lets in to supper the the cheare be small, (Exit the Maskers.)

Enter vallenger and Challenger.

Chal. Vallinger thou art a traitor to thy friend.

val. Not to my friend but alwaies to my foe.

Chal. Why dost thou loue the faint I do adore.

val. To anger thee I swear to loue her more.

of Bristow.

Chal. I loued her first, when thou didst loue di/baine.
val. I loue her now, there fore thy loue is baine.

Chal. For sweare to name her else thou art my foe.

val. For sweare my Anabell, hence dostard go,

Cha. Prepare thee Challenger it is decreed.

For Anabell, or thou or I must bleed?

val. On Sir tis welcome pare not but thrust home.

Here they fight, vallengier falls downe.

And Challenger flies away, vallengier calls

For helpe, Sir Godfrey, his wife, and his

Daughters, comes forth with lights.

val. Some Gracious Body helpe me I am slaine.

God. Whoe that which calls for help, gods pittie wile,
The Gentleman, lies bleeding here that came
with maister Challen.

I pray Sir, peake toho hath hurt ye thus.

val. The villen Chalener hath almost slaine me.

God. Challenger, why I thought you had bin friends.

What was the matter Sir may I know it?

val. About your daughter, and while she was dancing
I praysed her gesture and her comely grace,
But Wallenger most like a liberall villaine,
Did giue her scandalus Ignoble termes,
Which I rebuked him for whercupon,
We drew our weapons, I by chaunce being doctone,
The coward villaine thus hath wounded me.

God. How say you wife, did not I say so much,
He was a Cutter and a Swaggerer,
He haue my child, no, no, he aymes anie,
Go presently make search throughout the Citty,
Where ere you find him carrie him straight to pri'on,
Loke to him, come Sir, since your hurt
Was about my girle, you shall not from
my house till you are thorow whole.

The faire Maid

val. I thank you sir, I am much bound to you.

God. Come sir, my wife and my daughter shalbe
your surgeon, come helpe him in : softly knowes I say,
Exit Omnes.

7 Enter Harbert, sentloe, and Florence
a Courtizan.

Har. I prethee sentloe leaue this Idell life,
That will vnder thee if thou folloves it,
Art thou so fond ouer so light a thing,
Dost thou expect her lust before my lone
Dost thou not see thy sin nor yet thy shame,
Thy reputation, hono?, nor thy name.

Sent. I prethee harbert peace content thy selfe,
She whom I lone, thou seest loues me againe,
thinks thou that I so long haue seen the worlde,
and do not know my friend nor from my foe.

Har. She whome thou thinkest wil proue thy greatest friend,
Will proue a serpent and a cockatrice :

For what is she but a common flatterer,
that loues thee for thy coine, not for thy name,
Such loue is beastly, rotten, blind, and lame.

Sent. Forbeare me this, and chide me for ought else,

Har. Leauethis, and undertake what likes thee best,
Leauethis, and then my thoughts will be at rest,

Flo. And why sir leaue me, for your companie,
I would thy lone were equall vnto mine,
then sentloe should be sure he had a friend.

Har. As thine, Ie rather hang my selfe,
sentloe leaue England for a little space,
Goe to braue Richard in the holie Land,
the warres will teach thee to forget thy lone.

Flo. Will sentloe leaue hir that doth loue him so,
for thy sake will I go in russet,

of Bristow.

Ly in a cottage, eat what so thou please,
Rather then I will want thy companie,
I will be come as mild and ductyfull,
as ever Crissell was unto hir lord,
and for my constancie, as Lucrce was,
and if that Sentlo will but live with me.

Sent. I know it sweet, when I from thee depart,
Then let my Luke warme blood, forsake my hart,
Harbert you wrong me to abuse her thus.

Har. Thou wrongst thy selfe, me, and all thy frends,
But if thou wilt not leave her company
I bow my frendship to thee is cold.
Ile leave thee to the humors of thy youth,
To one that hath no honestie nor truth.

Sent. What dost thou threaten me, go wher you please,
Harbart your companie contents not me,
Leave me, ile leave thee first,
and so farwell: come loue lets hence.

To Bristow will we go,
Who cares wher Harbart be or frend or foe.

Har. O how unwiseled is the course of youth,
That takes his frend to be his greatest foe,
and thinks the counsell that should do him good:
Like posson, or as the herbe Draconis,
Well tho thou scorne thy frend that holds thee deare,
he will not leave thee in extremitie,
Thou art gone to Bristow, thether will I go,
Where I will prove a frend and not a foe.

Exit.

9 Enter Sir godsrey, vallinger, his wife, and his
daughter.

god. Sir I am glad you are so well reconered,

And

The faire Maid

And for the motion which you made to me,
Touching my child, I promise you truly Sir,
I do not know the man in Busto,
That I affect more then I do your selfe,
That Sir I haue found it, and I wish I may
Make satisfaction for your good regard,
And louing care that you haue had of me,
So please you Sir to know your daughters mind,
Which way her maiden thoughts are most inclin'd,

Enter a messenger with a letter.

Val. From whom the Letter.

Mes. From your father Sir,

He reads the Letter.

God. Come hether wife, daughter a word with you,
I know that once thou didst loue Challenger,
But he is fled, thou seest a waging fellow,
Tell me my girle wilt thou be ruled by me,
And ile prouide a man fit for thy turne.

Ana. Faith whosoeuer you shall thinke meet.

God. Why thats wel sed my wench, ther spok an angel
Looke yonder what aist thou to yong Vallenger,
He is a man as twere compleat of ware,
His father is an honorable knight,
A Challenger, a very stock to this,
Loue him my girle, say as I say, do.

Ana. I neuer heard a father labour more,
To win his daughter that was won before.

Wom. Daughter what say you to your father.

God. Why wife I know what she would say already,
She hath loued Challenger. And would thinke,
Her word is leauing him to soue to chuse another,
And thinks we would be angry,
If she loued Challenger, tut vse thy mind

Ana. Father, I know these words are all but iests,
Dispose

of Bristow.

Dispose even as it likes you best.

God. Telled my gtle then Challenger is he,
What say you Ellen do you not agree.

Wein. What likes you two, is neuer Crosse,
Mine is the care, but yours is the losse.

God. Now maister Challenger, good news a gods name
From whence is that letter Sir may I know,

Val. You may Sir Godfrey, this letter is from my
Father Sir, who to morrow comes to Bristoe,
And meanes to sojorne here all the winter time,

God. He shall be welcome, I would my house
Were thought fit for his entertainment,
But/on, so may I call you now,
And if that you agree how say you Sir.

val. Sir I wish it were to night before to morrow,
And by your daughters leaue, seale it with this kisse.

God. Telled harts youle neuer be yonger,
Lets in to get all things in readines.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Challenger, his man and a Gentleman
of Bristow.

Chal. God maister Chambers, your welcome Sir to
London, how fare our friends at Bristo Chal. chambers,

Cham. M. Challenger, all well, your friends at Bristo,
Would be glad to see you.

Chal. Indeed I dare sweare that I haue some friendes
There, but among all, how doth yong Challenger?

Cham. M the man you hurt.

Chal. Eu en hee.

Cham. Exceeding well, he is at Sir Godfreys house,
And is on thur day next to be espoused,
To beutious Anabell the old knights daughter.

B

Chal.

The faire Maid

Cha. If possible?

Cham. 'Tis as I tell you Sir,
But maister Challenger I am in some hast,
And pleasest you some to come and sup with me,
Ile tell you then the matter moze at larg.

Exit gentleman.

cha. Faire Anabell married to Challenger,
The newes doth run like yse through all my vaines,
Is Anabell married to Challenger?
A faithles woman, trothles, and unkind,
Won with a word o labour, lost like wind.
O I could rend my flesh, and teace my haire,
Married to Challenger, what to my foe?
By heauen if all my wealth were in the sea,
And I left Desperate, suckerles, and bare,
It would not haue so much haue gauld my hart,
As this same newes, this fatall deadlines.

Ia. What chere you maister neuer be so sad,
But let her go moze wenches may be had.

cha. No none like her, but I will straight from hence,
With my owne personage I will dispence?
I prether laques get me a Doctors weed,
For vnto Bristow will we with all speed,
There will we at the Bride-grome and the Bride,
Get straight post horses, for this night ile ride,
And presently get me a Doctors fire,
Till I am at Bristow, each part is one fire.

Exit Omnes,

Enter Sentlo, and Harbert, disguised like
a Seruingman.

Sent. Did Maister Herbert then send you to me.

Blu. How think you, he told me he set it in the letter.

Sent,

of Bristow.

Sent. Dost thou know what he hath written here.

Blunt. Not I, nor I greatly do not care.

Sent. Where he desires me as ere I tended him
That I would entertaine thee as my man. chuse,

Blunt. You may if you wil, if you wil not you may

Sent. I pray thee what is thy name?

Blunt. Blunt.

Sent. Blunt name? Blunt nature?

Where my tend both write,
Tho he be somewhat stuborne in his wordes,
Yet he is of confirmed honesty,
Well Blunt I entertaine you Sir,
How now, sweet loue, whose that.

Enter Florence and Frog.

Flo. Mary sweet hart tis Sir godfreys man,
That comes to bid vs to his daughters marriage.

Frog. I Sir my name is Frog: god man Frogs son
Of Frog Wall, that am sent from my maister,
To desire you and the Gentlewoman,
To make a step to walke, or as it were to
Come, or approach, to dinner? This is all Sir.

Blunt. Do you heare Sir, is this my mistres.

Sent. I Blunt.

Blunt. Is she not a Whore? she looke like one?

Sent. Deace ditcha on your li e.

Flo. What aulst merchant haue you got there,
Frog breake his pate? (mine.

frog. So by my faith, hees like one would sooner break

sent. Well Frog tell thy Maister I will not faile.

Flo. Sweet hart shall I go in this gowne?

sent. The time is to short to make another.

Blunt. Is not that gowne good enough for a whore?

Flo. By heauen if you maintaine this Marraill flauce,
To abuse me, keep him and let me go.

B ii.

Blunt.

The faire Maid

Be'oe an honest servant, let him.

Sent. Go to, peace sirra, no more.

Blunt. I haue done sir: Harbitt, whether wilt thou?
Thy loue vnto thy friend makes thee forget
thy selfe, therefore no more.

Sent. I prethy sweet lam content thy selfe,
This fellow was sent me from a speciall friend
Who he be blunt yet is very honest.

Ho. I could be content to loue him well enough,
So he could afford me better words.

Blu. Well I wil speake no more what shall offend you
Lets goe sweet hart, therefore blunt come goe you along,
Sir godfrey staies, therefore we do him wrong,

Sent. Thou wrongest thy selfe, god send thee to amend
And wouldest do further weat not for thy friend.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Sir godfrey, Sir Eustace, Mother,
and anaball.

Eust. Sir Godfrey vmphreule, & my honord sister.
My bony bryde, and this fayre company,
How it glades old Eustace ballenger
Toye this god ocassion of our mirth.
Had my ould true harted Sara tyed,
To haue seene the marriage of her dære son
And in for god and worshipfull a stock,
As ould vmphrevilles: well twas a woman
Few such line now: you ould blissh eies
Will you be watring still.

Wom. she was a wise and vertuous gentle woman
The poore will say so.

God. I hope my child will imitate her steps,

Eust. Come anaball thou now must be my wife,

My

of Bristow.

My huswife, and my house keper, and all,
I know thou hast bin bred vp for a huswife,
Thy husbands a wild boy I confes.
But let him stay and keep thæ companye
W^{ch} by the holy rode he rostes not heer.
But brother, heres an Itallian docter thats com-
mended to vs by especiall friends,
Whom we must intertaine with good regard.
Ho, who e with in there?

Enter vallenger, Challiner like a Docter, Sentlo,
Anabell, Florence.

val. Do you call Sir?

Eu. Ay, Sic, Ned you trifle out the time.

val. Sir I was welcoming this gentleman,
This Gentelwoman, and this docter,
Being strangers here in Bristow.

god. Signeo? Julio I vnderstand your called sir.

Doct. That is my name Sir.

God. Right reuerent Docter your most welcom hether,
My hou e, o; what el e, is at your command.

Eust. The like say I sir, be bould thereof

Doct. Most honored knights whatsoeuer lies in mee,
Commaund my best indeuer.

Eust. Com mistresse Flozance you must knowe
That your come to Bristow.

And must now help to grate our Wyde,

Flo. With all my hart Sir Eustace at her seruice

va. Sir, maister Sentloe is the man I chu e,
To intertaine the byde, he giues me leaue
To welcome Mistres Flozance.

god. Come brother you and Ile confer wth M. Docter.

Flo. What on your wedding day and change,

The faire Maid

As your brides beauty les esteemd then mine,

v1. The Be that sucks the bitter Hemlock flowers,
When that he comes to tast the Violet
Doth count his forme; food as trash and weeds
Thou art the Violet the bitter Hemlock shew,
I blind before, but now mine eyes doth see.

Doct. I ouerhard thee, thou base Challenger.
That such an angell should indure the euell,
To linke her selfe to that in/atiat deuill
god. Come we discour'e to long, we shall haue
Time enough for conference.

v2. What will you bee so Coy,

Flo. I faith you men are so decept full,
That shes a foole will credit what you say,

Eust. Why sed what meanest thou

v2. Sir but one word with Master Doctor, I com,
Well I will Compae thee whatsoeuer befall.

Exit all but vallenguer, and
The Doctor.

Sent. Well since the bride doth glue me leaue,
Ile bee so bould as to haue a Dance.

Exit.

v2. Doctor, a word.

Doct. With me Sir, I with thee.

v2. Men o' thy sort are woone to secrecie,
But further me and keepe my counsell.

In that which I shall here impart to thee,
And Ile glue thee a Hundred pounds in gould.

v2. Sir heres my hand, what' ouer lies in me,
You shall comand my hart and secrecie,
It is enough then Doctor thus much know,
Too happely it may serue strauing to thee.

that

of Bristow.

That on my marriage day I should transgresse
So far as now I must reueale to thee,
But think tis loue, blind loue that leads me on,
That conquers Gods, and much more mortall men.

doct. Delay not but speake your mind at full.

va. When thus in Bylese Anabel is my wife,
But Florence is the Mistis of my hart,
I loue her Doctor, Dost thou conserue me now,

doct. How would you I should help you in her loue,

Why now thou comest vnto the very maine.

va. Thou knowest her sweet hart Sentlo, hee the let.

doct. And what way would you haue him remoued.

va. Why poisoned man, a little dram will do it.

doct. Poisoned Sir, alas you know his death.

va. I if it be knowne but that shall neuer be,

Speake honest Doctor, wilt thou do it for me,

doct. Sir for your sake although it touch me nere,

Heere my hand ile do it.

va. Cut Doctor neuer feare.

Gold will salue all, and that thou shalt not want.

doct. Sir He stretch mine art to do you good,

Tho ventring so it cost my dearest blood,

va. thanks gentle Doctor goe to Florence straight,

With in this houre He in the garden waite,

there bring her alone, Sentloe is sure,

And as for Anabel her thoughtes be pure,

Sentloe once dead, Doctor thou knowest my mind,

Faith anabell she staies not long be hinde,

Good Doctor faile not, I must now to dinner,

Exit.

doct. Now heauen forgive thee thy pernicious times
I poison Sentloe, now the lord forsend.
that such a thought shoud enter in my brest,
Blessed be the time I took a Doctors shape,
For by this meanes Sentloes his death shall scape,

and

The faire Maid

And louely Anabell her life set free,
False Challenger shall be deceiur'd by me,
And that deceit is lawfull kind and iust,
That doth preuent his murder and his lust,
And tho I haue faire Anabells loue lost,
Yet Challenger shall in this fute be crost.

Enter Frog and douse.

Frog. Come dou'e. Now we haue time and place as
They say, I p'rethee be me with no delay,
But still say, do not say you will not haue me,
Now because I am none of your burgers,
But Douce as I am hastie yet I am not the hastiest,
And though I am resty, Yet I am not lowlye,
And of ore that cannot talke much,
So I loue to speake little, soz as that
Worthy Philosopher Hector ses, the words
Of the wise do offend the foolish, so
Douce in few words and in tedious talke,
Tell me when is this day.

Douce. What day Frog.

Frog: What day Frog : dost thou aske what day,
Why Douce this day of wedlock Douce,
This day of going together Douce,
This day of wearing out shetes and
Throwing downe blankets Douce.

Douce. I saith Frog you know I haue little,
And soz your owne part you are as poore as Iob,

Frog. But not so scabed I thank God Douse,
Well, I see you regard not the wisdom
But the wealth, not the man : but the money,
D Douse, Douse, much hast thou to answer soz.

Dous. Besides I think you do not loue me.

Frog.

of Bristow.

frog. Not loue thee, why I cannot dresse my maisters
Hoxes for thinking of thee: I cannot dream of
Sleeping of thee: but for a certainty,
I loue thee indeed, when I goe to bed
And pluck of my shoes, there you may smell
Loue out of me: and then I sigh and then I pause,
And say that Dowce is the onely cause.

Dowce. Well Frog, I haue but iested all this while
Faith Frog hadest thou bin ruled by me,
Thou hadest not bin Froging out of the well
So long: but Frog twas thy fault.

frog. The more is to come Dowce, then you will
Haue me, we shall to this geere?

Dowce. I sweet hart, name you the time,
The sooner the better.

frog. So say I dowse, for as the old saying is,
He that hath a good dinner, knowes better the way
To supper: but Dowse, we will be married a lunday,
And that we will be spoken to be liberall,
Weele giue ten groates to the poore: with this
Prouiso, that if we neede it, weele haue
our ten groats agin.

dowse. but afterwards will you not proue unkind:

frog. How dowse unkind?
When tinkers leaue to drinke good ale,
And Souldiers of their weapons faile,
When pedlers go without there pack,
And water is more deare then sack,
When Shomakers drinks that is small,
And Lawiers haue no tongues at all,
When Fencers leaue of giuing knocks,
And younginen hate faire Maidens smocks,
When drunkerds scozne a copar nose,
And Botchers nere mende lowse hole,

The faire Maid

Do when the cat shall hate a mouse,
then frog shall proue unkind to Dowe,
and so sweet hart lets goe and wed,
and after to dinner and then to bed.

Exit.

Enter the docter and his man.

doct. Go Sirrha at the back doore,
Bring mistris Anabel, make hast away.

Ja. I warrant you Sir.

Exit.

Well Vallenger if all things fall out right :
You shall haue little cause to thanke
The Docter, but here he comes.

val, How now Docter, what will Florence come,

Doct. She will be here Sir, presently, and see
You can no sooner speake but she is come.

Enter Florence and Blunt.

Flo. Go Sirrha, do you tend at doore,
Let none come in vnles I call to you.

Blu. I will, straight fetch Sentloe, to this match,
Are you there Docter, yfaith ile be euen with you.

Exit Blunt.

va. Sweet mistris welcome.

Flo. vallenger now by this light
Thou art the welcomest man in Chzistendome.

va. Thanks gentle mistris, but how if Sentlo come.

Flo. Hang him I neuer lou'd him in my life,
Only I gull the Rascall for his money.

Doct. The more villaine vallenger
To leaue his true wife for a common stall.

Ho. Now by this hand, I wonder vallenger,
What delight thou takest in such a wife,
But that she is somewhat wise, and modest,

But

of Bristow.

But to content a gallant spirit in ear, match
By this light she is a very block to me.

va. hang her, I care not for her, our fathers made the
Enter anabell.

Now with a diuill what whirle wind blew you hether?
How now minks, what make you heere.

Ana. I hard my Challenger was all alone,
If I offend thee loue, ile straight begone,
yet I had rather stay and if you please.

Ho. Challenger, what makes your minion heere,
What are you iealous huswife with a por?

Ana. I pray you gentlwoman be not offended,
Please you my husband and all shall be mended.

Va. Gossip get home, or I shall set you packing.

Ho. I haue a trick and if it fall out right,
Shall moue her patience ere she part from hence.

Ana. thou art to me, as bodie to the soule,
My life is death without thy companie.

Ho. By my troth heere is an excellent rebato.
Would I had such a one.

va. Likes it thee mistris?

Where take it, a worse will serue your turne.

Ana. Withall my hart, heere mistris take it,
at home I haue a better, please you to goe
With me ile giue it you.

Flo. Hares a wonderfull good fashions gown,
Ic ride my horse twenty milles for such another.

va. Huswife, vncafe, a worse will serue your turne.

ana. All that I haue sweet Challenger is thine,
and what is thine, thou boldly maist bestow,
Giue all I haue, onely reserue thy selfe,
and gentlwoman pittie my estate,
think that I am a woman as your selfe,
Had you a husband that you loued so deere,

The faire Maid

And see another rob you of his hart,
Would it not grieue you? Yes I know it will,
But yet I pray, for my sake vse him kind,
I am sure heele deserue it at your hands,

va. Go, get you hence, or else ile send you packing.

Ana. I will sweet loue, and where so ere thou art,
God send thee neuer a leste louing hart.

Exit.

Enter Sentloe and Blunt.

Sent. vallenger, your a villaine to vse me thus.

va. Sentlo, the villaine I throw back againe,
And will maintaine mine hono^r with my sword,
Draw vallenger, one of our deaths is nigh.

Here they drawe, Blunt and the Docter comes betweene
them.

Blunt. Go too, put up vallenger, or ile make you.

va. Well sentlo another time shall serue for vs.

Exit vallenger and the Docter.

Flo. I prethee gentle loue be patient.

Sent. Out ye Whore come not in my sight,
For if thou dost by heauen ile martir thee.

Exit Sentlo.

Flo. Caulest thou me whore, now by this light
Ile haue thee murdered, and if gold can do it.

Blunt. Gold can do much, but deuill can do more,
Here is a true paternie, o a common whore.

Mistis what meanes my maister to part in such a rage.

Flo. Forsooth the Gentleman is Iellious,
But I would quickly rid him of that ffouer,
And if thou wouldest Blunt but consent with me.

Blunt.

of Bristow.

Blunt. What is it Mistris, it shall goe hard
shall make me slack in what may profit you,
Althoug you still thought that I loved you not.

Ho. How Blunt I see it, and will report thy loue,
And for asigne heere take this purse of gold,
And now but marke the issue of my purpose.
Thou shalt that Sentloes coine : begins to wear,
And Challenger is even now on the spar,
And for my sake will empty all his treasure,
And what I have I will impart to thee,
But murder Sentlo, then is Florence free.

Blunt. Mistris if this should be done,
a crash of your office were not cast away.

Ho. Feare not Blunt we will not stick for that.

Blunt. Then beeres my hand, before the sun go downe,
He do the dede Sentlo shall shortly die.

Ho. The dede being done come presently to me,
And we will scolllick in his tragedy.

Exit Florence.

Blu. O Sentlo, wert not for thy friend,
How many dangers hadest thou fallen into,
The mischief : now abroach I did foretell,
For by my meanes thy life in safety dwelles.

Exit sentlo.

The drunken mirth.

Enter sir Godfrey, Eustice, and the docter, Anabel in
her walscote.

God. O my deere daughter how could he vse thee thus :
cust. My son rob thee of thy faire Ornaments.

God. And for a strumpets loue, O God, O God.

cust. Split soule a sonder, that thy sons so wild.

God. Give me my child (Sir Eustice) as he is,

The faire Maid

A vertuous maid dishonored by thy son.

cust. Giue me my son, that I may punish him,
For wronging this faire flower thy worthy child.

God. Alack good knight, I make my mone to thee,
And thou in true loue canst but pittie me.

Eust. Alas good knight, my griefs so iumps with thine,
That as I weepe for thee, so pittie mine.

Enter the Mother.

Mo. Where is my child, where is my Anabell?

God. Her wife, let vs hold hands, and in three parts,
Lets sing around, and so weep out our harts.

Mo. How could the wretch (deare soule) abuse thee so.

ana. Call him not wretch, he is wretched but by me.
In mee consists the cause of all this wo,
Faire Florence is the mistress of his hart,
To her I am but as a Counterfit,
Rather I am an ethiop, soule, deformed
And therefore hated of my Challenger.

Doct. O Beautious maid, blemish not thy name,
Thou art Heauenly bright, and she as black as hell.

God. Should any but my Anabell say so,
Tho age hath set his foete vpon my back,
I would maintaine thy Beauty,
I weare thou wert faire,

Swear more then that, defend it with my sword.

cust. Sir God keep, so would I, by heauen I would,
I, wert against that fugitive my son,
Fugitive in forsaking of his wife
To lead the race of an intemperate life.

Mo. Heere me but one word, gentle maister Doct,
The Lord be with the vertuous Challenger where ere he
Be, Sir he should haue had my child,

God

of Bristovv.

Good honest Gentleman he should,
And I repent me twenty hundred times,
So my Goodman k: sooth would needs
Make vp the match with this same vut:rist,
And now you see how he doth vse my child, alas.

Doct. This is some comfort in this depth of wo,
Thy vertue is preser'd before thy see,
Why then tell them boldly who thou art,
So be still the Docter, hold thy cour'se begun,
There is more a foote, then will in hast be done.

cust. Brother, it shall be so, he shall not haue
A graue come of my Land.

God. He spends no goods of mine vpon his trull.

cust. Cut off all maintenance, that is the way
To make him see his sin.

ana. I say not so, deere father heele repent,
And I shall haue a husband o' new birth.

god. Gidle, thou art to foolish, so are we to long,
Sufferance in this may grow to further wrong.

Doct. To further wrong indeed, so: Vallenger
Hath hired me to popson Anabell.

cust. What his true harted wife?

Doct. Delay is wo: e to danger, credit me,
And by that plot Sento must likewise die.

god. Blessed be the houre that euer y' came to bris:ts.

cust. A Docter of more honesty there liues not.

god. Merc he our: on a thou and times,
We must not let him be a murderer.

ana. Good Father let it suffice you know it,
And may preuent it follow it then no further.

Doct. O thou that rules the lotery of life,
Why should a bad man haue a vertuous wi'e,
O: a bad wi'e, haue a husband that is good,
Dost thou delight in contrayeties,

Then

The faire Maid

Then Wherefore do we strive for vertue still,
When we are mastered by a greater will,
Come good old man, come mytro of true winters,
O let my hart with your harts sympathise,
although I am no kinsman to lament,
In your distresses grief, as deeply spent.

God. Doctor, brother, whats to be done.

cust. Gods me we must go apprehend him strait.

god. There is no dallying in a matter of such wait,

And therefore let vs not be slack in this,

cust. No, no, brother with your men,

Beset you Gentloes house he may be there,

I and my men, will post another way,

No place shall be unsought,

But we will haue him.

Exit the two old men.

Ana. Good mother stay them

As their iourney forth,

May breed some mischief,

Therefore call them back againe.

Mo. Thou art to foolish girle, let them go,
thou seeks his loue, that is thy mortall foe.

Doct. O thou art frand of constancie thy selfe,

Challenger what a iewel didest thou losse,

By tholing it vnto thy faithles friend,

and how like drosse doth he account of it,

Come be'uous maiden wipe those crystiall eies,

thou weepes for loue of him which loue desies,

Lets in to counsell what may best relieue,

Where teares and sorrow giues men cause to grieve.

Exit Omnes.

Enter vallenger.

va What spightfull forunc Challenger is this,

this

of Bristow.

this villaine Docter hath betraide my trust,
and to my father all my plots reuealed,
Who flat denies me succor or reliefe,
I dare not I be seene within the citie,
For then there is no way but straight to prison,
He call to mistress Florence I know that she is kind,
to her he show my griefe and my sick mind,
Ho, mistress Florence.

Enter Florence.

- Flo. Whose there, sweet Challenger ist thee,
Why dost thou looke so sad, how saires my deare ?
Va. Faith neuer worse, but all my hopes in thee.
Flo. What is it sweet I will not do for thee ?
Va. My Father and my wife knowes all my drift,
And all iraged, threatens to be reuenge,
And will not let me haue no maintenance,
But sweares to plague me for my wickednes.
Flo. Is the wind in that doore,
What would you haue me do ?
va. To let me liue with thee a little space,
Untill I haue obtained my Fathers grace,
Then what I haue sweet mistress shall be thine.
Flo. And what shall I do, beg the while,
No Challenger your deceaued in me,
think you that ile be priuy to your plotes,
to bring my selfe in danger of the Law,
Go to your wife and cherish her at home,
I do not like these wanton humors I.
va. I hope sweet Florence that you do but iest.
Flo. Be shew my hart then, do not take it so,
Pray leaue my house, least your father come.
va, Give me house, come Florence but to night,

D

flo

The faire Maid

Flo. Not an houre, shall I haue my reputation
Touched for thee, if you linger here,
Ile send for the Officers to discharg my selfe.

Val. It is even thus, well what remedy:
Lie in the fields wretched, there dispaire and die.

Flo. Pray God that Sencloe be not murdered now,
Then all my hopes are lost.

Enter Blunt.

Flo. How now Blunt what newes?

Blu. Senclo hath drunk his last, the deed is done.

Flo. Then are we undone Blunt?

Blu. Why, wherefore.

Flo. The poore dejected Vallenger was here,
As dry as dust not left a single doyt,
His father bowes to follow lawe of him,

Well, would that Senclo were alive againe.

Blu. 'Tis done, and therefore now there is no help.

Flo. Yes Blunt, there help, but marke a womans wit,
Vallenger is but new gone out of doores,
Go follow him, and mark where he lies downe,
And if thou seest he is inclinde to sleepe,
Lay Sencloes murdered body hard by him,
Pluck out his sword, and all be bloody it,
And then cry murder as if he dyd the deed,
About it Blunt, do not the same neglect,
And then we two are free from all suspect.

Flo. Feare not this shalbe done effectually.

Flo. Then farewell, come to me when tis done,
Meane while ile home, and stir not out of doore.

Blu. The diuell take thee for a filthy whore,
Thou art apt enough in murder, and in lust,
But like a stone in any thing is honest,

Exit

Well,

of Bristow.

Well, ere to morrow many thinges will chang,
That dead men should reuiue, it would seme strang,
Now after Vallenger I mean to goe,
To see in what place he doth himselfe bestow,

Exit.

Enter Sentlo very drouisie.

Sent. I wonder that I am so dull and heauy,
My fete doth stumble, as I go along,
Mine eies hangs downe, as if I had not slept
This twenty daies, pray god it be for good.
Still more and more : well, I must needs lie downe,
And make my pillow of the grasse and ground.

He lies downe and falles a sleepe,
Enter Vallenger.

va. How y:kesome is the day vnto my eies,
My cheeks do blush for to behold the skies,
Methinks the heauens doth frowne vpon my sin,
And to repentance bids my hart begin,
The earth do burne my feete with scorching fire,
Because that all as hot was my desire,
So heauen and earth, my practise doth confound,
Yet must I be beholding to the ground,
My griefe is here, sleep doth follow sorrow,
Here rest thy wretched carkas till to morow.

Here he lies downe to sleepe.
Enter Blunt.

Blu This way he went, and here he is laid to sleepe,
And Sentlo by him, this is excellent :

Dii.

The faire Maid

Now Harbart since thou hast don him all this good,
For once be a littell lauish of thy blood.

Heere he stabs his arme, and blodies Sentloes face,
and pluckes out vallingers sword and blodies
it, and laies it by him.

Blo. The Potion I gaue sentloe to drinke,
Doth make him seeme to all as he were dead,
And yet his time is not come to wake :
Now will I raise the wach. Murder, murder.

Exit.

Vallinger startes vp.

val. What noise is that affrites mine eares
With murder, I laid me downe to sleepe,
Whats here : My sword drawne out and bloody
And heres a gentleman new murdred,
Some villaine surely that hath don this deed,
Hath laid this murdred body here by me,
So by that meanes himselfe might be thought free.
If it be so, why then most hapte I,
that hates to liue, and hath such meanes to dy.

Enter the Constable and officers.

Con. He heres the murdred body, and here the murder,
I charge you in the kings name
Deliner by your weapons : And goe along with vs
With all my hart, see ther my weapons are,
And cary me where soere you please

Exit with vallinger.

Con. Goe to prison with him presently,
the rest bring in this murdred body.

enter

of Bristow.

Enter Blunt in his owne shape.

Blo. God save you sir, I here it rumored,
a gentleman is slaine.

Con. I sir a proper man, and here he lies.

Blo. O noble sentloe dost ly soe lowe,
Breake hart assunder that thy friend is slaine.

Con. Sir, do you knowe the gentleman.

Blo. Yes sir, he was my loving friend,
And we at orfzrd fellow Dupels were,
Then, good sir let me in kindnesse craue,
That as I allwaies lou'd him in his life,
so I may haue his body at his death.

That I may give him Cristian burial,

Con. With all my hart, weel leave him with you sir,
and I am sozry for your heavines.

Blo. So this goes well, once
He be blont again.

Exit constable.

For now the times dravves on of his awake.

Sentloe rises.

Exit.

Sent. I neuer slept more soundly in my life,
But say, how comes my hands soe bloody,
So is my face, me thinkes, say heres my man.

Enter blunt amased.

Why how now blont why stares thou so upon me,

Blo. are you alive sir.

Sent. Didst thou set any body to kill me.

Blo. Not I sir but wicked Flozance did,

10 3

And

The faire Maid

And hadst binaine, had it not bin for me,
Senthoe bechould thou Harbert and thy friend,
That thou hath wayted on thee like thy man,
To save thee from a thousand miseries,

Sent. I am a maid, and knowe not what to say
O my deare Harbart: O my louing friend.

Harb. Leauie of Imbracements till some other time,
The king is com to Wiltow, newly landed,
Come as we goe along Ie tell thee all,
Things wonderfull that yet thou dreamst not off.

Exit,

Enter king Richard, Leicester, and
Richmond.

King. All haste thou blessed bosome of my peace,
Richard findes instance of his home retorne,
Wiltow, thou hapst rode where first I land,
Doth welcome me now from the holy land.
Send word to London of our safe ariuall,
While we awhile in Wiltow breere repose vs. hether.

god. Fame with her brazen trump hath bozn this tidings.

Eust. And Wiltow with their Cittizens excrete,
Their gladnes by their trumpe, at your safetie.

Kin. And we with you will put these triumphs on,
But for this unlucky accident,
Which makes old Eustice and Vmphreuil sad
Which grieues me for the noble gentlemen.

god. By blessed Saint Paule my liege I cannot brook it
to see my child, my aite, my Anabell,
this here: what a wretch was this?

Now by saint Charity if I were iudge,
a halter were the least should hamper him.

cult. Tho nature wassels with my staled reason,

and

of Briflow.

and willes me plea d for mercie for my son,
yet iustice with impartiall wings directs,
My thoughts from pittie, and my words for right,
My liedg to make an entrance to your fame,
Regard Vmphreviles wrong, punish my son,
I cannot lose him better then by law,
For is belost that doth example giue,
Offsweet amends to such as leudly liue.

King. Vertue commends thy course, and patience his,
In both I pittie, what you both desire,
If iustice could be glased with pitties wings,
Call for the prisoner, let vs crowne the time,
With iustice, for these honorable men.

Ana. Haue mercy Richard, mercy in a king,
Is like the péeceles Diamond set in gold,
he out of enuy and of fury speaks,
I out of loue and passion plead for him.

King. What pleasing advocate hath pittie rail'd,
To plead the prisoners cause, himselfe not there.

Ana. One that doth beare the greatest griefe of all,
The haples wife of wofull Vallenger.

King. Why thou art wrong'd, therfore shouldest daime,
Reueng for thee, and iustice for thy husband.

Ana. Reueng for me my Lord, nay that cannot be,
vnles a strang deuission may be had,
For I that am as nexely knit to Vallenger
as bodie to the soule, cannot suppose
an iniury, But think his losse,
To be my miserie and chiefest crosse.

God. Hath he not sought thy blood thou foolish girl?

Ana. He sought no more then I can freely giue,
and sacrifice to death so he may liue.

Mo. Did he not keepe a harlot to despight thee?

ana. And if he mend that fault he sone may right me.

God.

The faire Maid

God. He gaue thy ornaments to deck his trull.

Ana. And my consent did ratifie his guift.

Mo. Well he hates thee.

Ana. To try my patience, all that he did or gane,
Or did contriue conserne th me,
His act was my allowance.

Now since my selfe, accuse not, but excuse.
Since she that was supposed to be wronged,
Doth right that wrong, be iust and set him free,
For I protest I know no iniury.

God. She knowes no iniurie, my Lord she lies,

King. Sir God-frey since your daughter doth
Remit his fault, methinks you should forgive him,

god. Forgive him, no not I the wretch shall neuer boss,
That he hath braued old God-frey in a iust
And honest cause. He touch him I,
I and tuch him to the quick,

No lesse then for his neck verse will I touch him,
Doxter stand forth and to my prince and pères,
Say what thou know'st of Sentloes bloudy death

Cha. Then this I bow before your Maiesty,
That Challenger corrupted me by gold,
to poison Anabel, and Sentloe to.

Ana. Intents are nothing till they come to acts.

god. and mistis is not Sentloe dead in act.

Har. Sentloe is dead, my maisters bloudy death,
should quicken iustice in your maiesty.

King. thou shalt haue iustice to thy owne content.

Cha. O how I griene to see her brinish tears,
Water the Crimson roses of her cheeks.

Har. Had not my wilt prevented this before,
For you nor she, had neuer sorrowed more.

Eust. Pon come my son: what said I? Po my shame:
O let his bloud my liedge redeme the same.

King.

of Bristovv.

Enter vallenger and officers.

King. Pong Challenger thou art hère,
Accu'ed for Anabell,
And murdering Sentloe that is dead,
Speak, art thou guilty. For noe.

va. Guilty in both my Lord, and hère for both
Ready to pay the penallty of my life,
Tho in my soule and consciuice I am clære,
Of Sentloes death, yet welcome happie lot,
That so shall rid my life of that foule spot.

ana. Alas poore soule, how grieve and his disgrace,
Doth make him desprate, behold his face.
From thence speaks truth, as from an Orackle,
That he is innocent, tho his words accu'e him.

king. Well Challenger attend thy sentence.

Har. Pronounce not sentence yet, right royall king.

king. What lawfull way canst thou impart to vs.

Har. A way to straighten iustice and the truth,
My conscience charged with this hainous crime,
Makes me confesse tho to my harts true grieve,
That by thinticements of lewd Florence and her guits,
I should haue murdered Sentlo, my deere maister,
I therefore think that through her wickednes
She is the cause of all these villainies.

king. Post officers, and fetch her to our presence.

va. A weake delay to hinder my strong faith.

God. I euer thought that Harlot would be one.
See how that bold race eats it like a bride.

Enter Florence.

Flo. Health to the king, good fortune to the pæres.

Moth. A boulder quean ther liude not this many years.

C

king.

The faire Maid

King. By pearcing iudgment, through the brittle glass,
Of that fraile beauty, doth deserue her loosenes,
Lady stand forth.

Flo. I entertaine that name most royall king,
And boldly come hère to cleere my selfe,
Of any thing that shall be laid against me.

King. You are hère accused as accessarie,
Unto Sentloes death, speake are you guilty I or no.

Flo. Doth this disgraced son of that proud man,
Charg me with these surmises be fore the king.

Va. Thou hast not murderd him, but my renouue,
His death, this hand my death of fame doth wound.

Cha. Thus lust makes yong mens misery her law.

Flo. Who then dares touch my reputation?

Eust. Looke there on thy accuser, that is he.

Flo. This coxish lumpe of flesh, this shaghaired clane,

Eust. Applie thy speech proud woman to the place,
Speake reverently in presence of the King.

King. Lady we stand not vpon words,
But on the prooffe, and estimate of right,
Sirrha, stand forth: and freely speake the truth.

Har. The wretch my Lord that neuer did offend,
Fears not to die, I charge thee Florence
Of my maisters death: Poisoner, I charg thee
That with this purse of massie gold
Thou didst bribe me,

To murder Sentloe, Sentlo that is dead.

Ho. I bribe thee, with what false-hood dost thou vrge me.

Har. Let Challenger be asked what purse this is,
Looke on it Ladies, marke it, for you know it.

Ana This purse was mine.

Va. This purse I gave to Florence.

King. Then with this purse, we boldly may conclude
that she did bribe Blunt to murder Sentloe.

Eust.

of Bristovv.

Eust. Look on her face my Lord, her couller changeth,

flo. And I discrie, shall ponder cozish slaue,
By blabing tongue bzing me to infamy,
So tho I assure my death, ile further his.

God. Your answere Florence, what debate you there?

flo. My answere shall be resolute and true,
Worthy the balloz of a womans mind,
Too bad for the, thou lumpe of infamy.

Eust. Nothing but badnes is from bad deriued.

flo. Most mighty king. I freely do confes,
That cursed Blunt consented to murder Gentloe,
This is the truth of all, live I or die.

Har. Letvd is her life my Lord, and lose her tong.

king. Well take them aside,
In Florence I obserue her impudence,
In Challenger dispaire, in Blunt remoze,
In these thre last front terroz,
Call them agen, attend your sentence all,
First Challenger, thou soughtest to poison Anabell thy wife,
Since by aparent proffe Gentlo is slaine,
Our sentence is respectiue for thy good,
A noble death: the losse of thy lewd head,
Blunt, and this honest Florence,
Both for committing and concealing murder,
Must one the gallowes die, this is our sentence.

Har. No act is proued in me right reyal king.

King Her woordes approue thy act, thy act her will.

Har. My fault is in concealment, not attempt.

flo. His fault is murder, hang vs all my Lord.

Eust. Harbart for all poor kindnes to my son,
He se you shortly caper in a cord.

flo. So then you hang vs closely, then my Lord
To kis in death, as we haue kis in life.

Ana. Wost not thy shame, no: shame thou womanhead,

E u.

flo.

The faire Maid

Flo. Alack good god, how holy is the growen,
The loues the flesh, yet dares not make it knowne.

va. I do embrace the law, as plea'd to die,
Father forgiue the follies of my youth,
Unphzephill, let me beare to heauen
Upon the wings o' my vnfaigned repentance,
My sorrow heere indented in my tears,
And thou indued wonder of thy ere,
Forgiue the wrongs that I haue done to thee,
That I may go with peace vnto my death.

king. Away with them,
To morrow in execution be per'orm'd,

Ana. O mercy Richard, shew some mercy,
Will Challenger in silence losse his son,
And harder then the Peneian rockes,
Neuer be perst,
Although the Father will not, Richmond plead :
And if that Richmond dare not, Liestoz speak,
O see the time fleets hence with Swolles wings,
Time runs : O Gracious king be mercifull.

king. Lady I cannot breake the limites of the law,
A wilfull murder must be paid with death,
Yet bring me a man that willingly will yeld
Sufferance of death, to saue yong Challenger,
And he shall liue, else hope no further grace :
Attend our further pleasures at the court.

ana. This is some comfort, happie Anabell,
Now shew thy ready and thy womans wit.

Chal. How shall he liue in one will die for him,
Will Challenger, i' thou haue such a friend:
Thou art happie, but I mean to see the end.

Exit Challenger.

Enter

of Bristow.

Enter Sentloe like a frier.

Sent. Thus like a frter I haue disguised my selfe,
To see my deere friend, that hath saued my life,
And that same strumpet that
Would haue caused my death.
A harlots loue, is like a chimney smoke,
Quivering in the aire betwene two blasts of winde,
Borne here and there by either of the same,
And properly to none of both inclind,
Hate, and dispaire, is painted in their eies,
Deceit, and treason, in their bosome lies :
Their promises, are made of brittle glasse,
Ground like a phillip, to the finest dust,
Their thoughts like streaming riuers swiftly passe,
Their words are oyle, and yet they geather rust,
True are they neuer found, but in vntruth :
Constant in nought, but in vnconstancie :
Devouring cankers of mans liberty,
But say : I am at the prison gate,
Where are you keeper, let me speake with you :
keep. Who knocks there ?
Sent. A fryer come to confesse your prisoners.
Keep. Stay ile bring them to you presently.

Enter Vallenger, Florence, and Blunt. and
the keeper.

Sent. Health to this place : Sir, let me speake with you.
Do you not sorrow inward at your hart,
For your loose life you haue so wanton spent.
Val. Yes : from my hart Sir, and do thinke it long,
That this bild life of mine doth breath so long.

The faire Maid

Sent. Do not dispaire, although your death be nie,
Heauen looke vpon you with a Gracious eie.

Ho. Now gentlewoman : let me speake with you,
Now good fellow, what wouldst thou haue with me :

Sent. To confes truly your offences past.

Ho. Well : shall I confes one thing truly to thee,

Sent. One thing, and euery thing.

Ho. Why then I confes truly that before
This time neuer confest any thing truly,
But in by'e father ile tell thee,
All that I coueined, I de'rauded :
Tho'e I haue slandered, I haue defamed,
Whom I hated, I loued not :
And this hath bin the manner of my life.

Sent. Are you not sorry so, that you haue done.

Ho. No by my troth, nere a whit at all.

Sent. I hope your mind will chang be'ore you die.

Ho. Perhaps you know so much : trust me, not I.

Sent. God turn your hart : I'end let me speak with you,
The time draws nere of execution,
What is it meete I goe along with you ?
Har. I gentle Wentloe, and thy sel'e shall see,
The deference twixt lust, and chastity

Enter a messenger.

Mes. You must bring the prisoners away,
the king and peeres are already set.

keep. Say we make all the speed we may.

Ho. Come noble harts, lets fearles march away,
A little hanging will dispatch vs all.

Exit Omnes,

Enter the king, Richmond, Liester Sir

Eustice,

of Bristow.

Eustice, Sir Godfrey, to the
execution.

king. Sir Godfrey, and Sir Eustice vallenger,
Your silver hairees shoulde teach you patience.
god. My ledge, God be my record I do not repine,
Alack good knight, thou weeps in vaine,
But now there is no helpe.

Eust. I, I, my Soueraine iustice on my son,
He hath deserued death, and let him haue it.

king. Sir godfrey, hath your daughter yet
found out a man will die for Challenger,
Such was our promise in regard of her,
And since our word is past, we graunt it him.

god. No, no, my Soueraine, I haue hard,
A man brged by necessity to lead his friend,
And to redeme his person with his owne,
But to find one will die for a friend,
This age we liue in doth not now a word.

Enter the officers with the prisoners.

king. Dispose yong Challenger the first to death,
That done, send hence the other to their sentence done.
va. Ere I a end this stage where I must act,
The latestt period of this life of mine,
First let me do my deuty to my pince.
Next vnto you, to much by me offended,
Now step, by step, as I a end this place,
Mount thou my soule into the throne of grace,
I my offence might be orguuen on earth,
I would aske pardon of my dread king.

The faire Maid

My parents, and my wife,
That must forgive me,
But my hatefull life
Hath so be bloted and besmered my fault,
That when I come to ask the last forgiveness,
They will not list my sute,
Nor yet regard it.

Enter at one doore, Anabell disguised
like a man, and at another
Challener.

Ana. Stay : here is one will die for ballenger.

Chal. Nay here is one will die for Vallenger.

God. Be blind mine eyes, O vertuous Challener.

Come to redeme his enemy from death. (to thee,

val. O Challener, by the deep wrongs that I have done

O hide thy face, thy lookes are far more keene,

Then is the axe, must strike the fatall stroke :

For thee sweet youth, thou canst alledge no reason

Why thou shouldest die for me,

Be list O king.

So torment worse, then fruitles lingering.

King. Dispatch them executioner : dispatch.

ana. Stay executioner : do me iustice king,

thy word is past that vallenger shall live,

If any one will lose his life for him,

And that will I : ile dy for vallenger,

Chal. Nay heere is one, that for the loue he beares,
to Anabell, but not to him, will die for vallenger.

ana. My plea was entred first, my claime must stand.

Cha. Tell me but what thou art, rash yongman,
that dares enter into this place before me :
humannity doth teach thee thou ever shouldst

Give

of Bristow.

Give place vnto thine elbers, in all asates,
how rude then and bnmannerly art thou,
To forget this common courtesie,
that parents teach their children every houre.

Ana. Sir, in humanity I must confesse,
So much as you aledge but not in death.
the grave is as the publick theater,
the roome being taken vp, by them first enter,
the second sozt must sit but as they come.
Besids you say you die for anabell,
She nere deserved death: thet foze giue your plea
to him that hath true title for the same.

God. Thats not by thes fond girle,
Kneele Eustice, kneele, do not accept
Against her folly, do not good my ledge.

King. Why you amaze me, whats the matter?

God. Why my ledge, this is my child, my anabell:
Came in this disguise,
to saue his life, that was the spoile of hers,
How afozegod girle thou art much to blame.
What is that other?

God. My Lord, this is vertuous Challenger,
Come to redeme his enemy from death.

King. a conflict of exceeding consequence,
and much renownedes that woorthy gentleman,
tho let me tell you we are much displeasd,
that anabell should bassel thus our lawes,
We asked a man, and she a woman to delude vs,
therefoze we are content her husband haue his life,
But she shall lay her head vpon the block,
and she shall haue no executioner,
But vallenger him selfe, shall strike it off:
this is our sentence, and we will not chang:

Ana. pray god thou dost not king, for I accept it.

If

Come

The faire Maid

Come Challenger, that happy hand of thine,
Shall save thy life and make an end of mine.
val. To strike the stroke, to murder Anabell,
First let my soule sink to the pit of hell.

Cha. A man the executioner of his wife,
Is so unhumane that a mortall eye
Would even be bloudshed to behold the same,
There ore dread king let me die or both,
But to be end of scandalus an act:
And as for thee, I hate thee Challenger,
And could be well content withall my hart,
To be thy deathes man for thou hatest me,
Besids, yet Chalenger consider this,
Having a wife so faire as Anabell,
Beloued of me thy foe, and so intierly,
That I do offer up my life for hers,
Should mercy pardon now what law doth threaten,
Thou must immagin it that we too liue,
I still should go about to murder thee,
To inioy thy wife, whom I so much do loue,
there ore beg of the king that onely I may die,
to saue her honoꝝ, and thy infamie.

Blu. Hark you huswife, do you heare all this:
Doth not your hart melt at this amiss.

Flo. Melt Blunt yes, and doth weepe brinish tears,
to see what ames them, and doth me confound,
Where is a glasse for such as liues by lust,
See what tis to be honest, what tis to be iust,

Blu. Why this is wel: now Soueraine hear me speak,
I he that is supposed slaine doth liue,
Then riendly may we reconcile the e iars,

king. Our law doeth light on none, but guilty crimes:
And that it punisheth as iustice willes.

Blu. Why then vouchsafe all in this princely presence,
This

of Bristow.

This gentleman end I brought all to passe,
He in a Doctors shape, hath saued the life
Of my friend Sentloe, and o Anabell,
I in like sort haue auer Challenger,
And Sentloe which by me should haue bin slaine,
I saued him by an honest policie.
And now alieue present him to your sight,
To make a pleasing end o. these sad sightes.

Heere Sentloe putteth off his whod and
kneeles downe.

This breaths new life into my hated hart.

Val. Sweet beautionous lettes the carter of my smart,
Forget in me, what I haue done amisse,
And seale my pardon with one balmy kisse
My soule repents her lewd impietie.

Ana. My blouds deere solace, and my best content,
My onely deere esteemed Vallenger,
Not all the world being turned into pleasure,
Could giue my soule such sweet contented treasure,
Thou art more deere, more pleasing to my mind,
then at the first: before thou prouest vnkind,
tis insident for yong men to offend,
And wines must stay their leasures to amend.

Chal. This kind contrition of yong vallenger,
More loyes my hart, then rest to travelers,
Line long together, and may neuer fate,
this new toynd league of marriage sepeate.

Har. The like say I, to thee that now hath tryed,
A frienos firme faith, that nothing can beuide.

Sent. the which I will indeuer to deserue,
And not so much as once in thought to swerue.

The faire Maid

king. Since all things sorteth to this happines,
And pining care, is turned to ioyfull mirth,
I will be partner in your meryment,
Away with that same tragike monument,
For that same Florence there, becau'e we see,
She owes something for her follies past,
Let her be had among the Conuertines.
And as her faults shall vanish or else stay,
Let her be b'ed accordingly. Away with her,
Glad parents, and glad friends,
In Bristol here a while our selues will stay,
And spend some sportfull houres to crowne your ioy
After so many troubles, and tyerd annoy.

Exit Omnes.

F J N I S.



